

When the temperature drops from 81 degrees to 40 degrees, everyone is cold. When you go to sleep on a blanket that is on the floor, everyone is very cold.

Thankfully, this only impacts a few hundred people in this city of 189,000. However, even the thousands that live in cinderblock houses with at least a mattress on the floor, it is still cold. These families are not indigent. They work at full time jobs. However, many lack heated homes. It is far too common to see outdoor fire pits inside of homes. We can still find cardboard homes separated by a narrow outdoor walkway where a campfire provides heat to both 'rooms'.

Tonight I walked the streets and delivered blankets. I know in a few days the temperature may return to the 70's and next week it may plummet below freezing. Winter is like that in Acuna.

The front of my SUB is filled with small bags of food, toilet paper and other necessities. The back seat is down and the entire back is filled with blankets, children's sweaters and jackets. Socks and underwear are also crammed into the vehicle. When I pull up and start going to the houses, people begin to gather at the SUV. Although the back window is down nobody 'helps themselves'. They wait until I return. One lady speaks a little English and I know enough Spanish to explain that I need some of the people to help me distribute the blankets.

Several people take a half dozen blankets and some of the kids carry the groceries. We walk door-to-door. As this continues I worry a little that I might not have enough to give to my helpers. We empty the truck and I give the last of the supplies to my helpers. My worries were justified. I do not have enough. I explain that I am returning after I buy more supplies. I will make sure I take care of my new friends. None of them complained. In fact I saw one man give the blanket and food that he received to a lady. He explained that she had several young children.

I returned home and thought of the thousands that I did not meet or help. I grabbed a quick meal and when I climbed back into my SUV I shivered in the cold. A few miles later it was so hot in my truck that I had to turn down the fan and the heat. I thought about the thousands that could only wish for heat.

Forty degrees is not cold when you live in the Dakotas, Wyoming, Colorado or many other places. However, going from 81 degrees to 40 degrees when you sleep on the floor of an cardboard house is very cold.